

## THE WASHINGTON TIMES

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Any person who cannot buy the Morning, Afternoon, or Sunday Edition of The Times on any news stand in Washington, in suburban towns, on railroad trains, or elsewhere, will confer a favor by notifying the Publisher of The Times, Corner Tenth and D Sts., Washington, D. C.

## SYMPATHY OF ALL AMERICA.

The sympathy of every American mother will go out to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt as she watches by the bedside of the President's promising son in the old Bay State.

Illness is often the one touch of nature that crowds out the selfishness of competitive life, that smooths differences of opinion, and opens the benevolent well-spring of commiseration. With Americans sympathy is a characteristic. The American heart, though sorely troubled, softens quickly at the signal of distress. And so long as this people retains that lovable trait it will grow greater, for there is more than the mere material at the root of genuine greatness.

The President and his wife know by intuition that they have the tender regard of the nation in this hour of uncertainty. The national prayer is that they may be spared from bereavement.

## THE DISTRICT LOAN.

When the bill to authorize a Government loan to the District of Columbia from the National Treasury in order to proceed with the development project in the City of Washington comes up for debate, the situation of the Capital will doubtless be much more plainly defined than it is today.

The debate will be of great interest to all those who desire to aid in the upbuilding of the home of American government. It will show who is

## IN BEHALF OF CIVILIZATION.

It is gratifying to note that a bill to stamp out anarchy and protect the highest officials from the professional assassin has been favorably reported to the House of Representatives. In the days of grief and excitement following the obsequies of the late President many measures were offered in Congress to check the growth of that pernicious class of which Czolgosz was a type. These measures have been boiled down, revised, harmonized, and made into a bill which seems to cover the ground well, and to guarantee a much-needed reform.

Anarchy is probably the most insidious disease of the international body politic. It cannot be eradicated by toleration, by education, or by mild treatment. Heroic remedies are necessary to eliminate it and to restrain its advocates from either obeying or disseminating the propaganda upon which it rests.

When Congress makes the bill reported from Representative Ray's committee into a law, it will have taken a step in the right direction. Anarchy is as great an enemy of liberty as of monarchy. It objects to authority in any form. Therefore, authority, which is civilization, must eliminate anarchy, which is barbarism.

## CURRENT PRESS COMMENT.

**Not "Ting Terrific."**  
Atlanta Constitution—A jawing match between Gompers and Wu Ting-fang would put a better factory on a dead hush.

**Senatorial Versatility.**  
Memphis Commercial Appeal—Senator Patterson of Colorado rises in the morning as a Conservative Fusionist; by noon he is a State's rights old-line Democrat, and he goes to bed a howling prairie fire Populist. Possibly the next morning he may wake up a Prohibitionist.

**An Absurd Tax.**  
Philadelphia Times—While Congress is taking off the war duties it should include the utterly ridiculous and indefensible tax on art.

**A Dispenser of Sunshine.**  
Milwaukee Sentinel—"Joseph Jefferson has lately joined the Sunshine Society." Dear old Rip, thou hast been a dispenser of it all thy life, and the clouds which gather round thy western sun are radiant with the gratitude of many a weary pilgrim.

**Poor Rockefeller's Income.**  
Philadelphia North American—Standard Oil still manages to struggle along and keep the head of Mr. Rockefeller's door. Its first quarterly dividend for this fiscal year is \$20,000,000, making Mr. Rockefeller's share of all dividends up to date only \$125,000,000.

**The Drum Beat in France.**  
Milwaukee Sentinel—The French war office is excited over the intelligence that Emperor William is manifesting a fierce and ominous interest in the "Babylonian Origin of Hebrew Ideas." Officers on leave have been ordered to rejoin their regiments immediately.

**The Cinderella of Streams.**  
St. Paul Dispatch—Elliott Flower has called the Chicago River the "Cinderella of navigable streams." All things come around to him who will wait, even poetry to the Chicago River.

**For a Finish.**  
Houston Post—Too bad we can't send one or two New York tunnels to Samar.

**Ancient Mr. Hitchcock.**  
Atlantic Constitution—Mr. Tom Hitchcock having acted like a fiscal descendant of Balaam's saddled animal about his opera box, has accepted something just as good and withdrawn his ears from public view until the Prince Henry gala-night arrives.

**Chicago's Vanishing Ambition.**  
Pittsburgh Dispatch—Did anyone suppose that New York could have a street explosion and that Chicago would not turn in and beat it? If blowing up streets is a metropolitan habit Chicago will not let anything stand in the way of proving its standing in that class.

**A Luxurious Feast.**  
Harford Courant—Hon. David B. Hill did not attend the Brooklyn dollar-a-plate dinner to Hon. Bird S. Coler, after all; but he sent a real nice letter. Hon. Lewis Nixon attended and made a speech, but told the reporters beforehand that there was "no political significance" in it. Corner Michael J. Flaherty presided over the funeral ball meals.

**Senator Morgan and the Canal.**  
Monongahela Advertiser—The friends of a canal across the American isthmus to be constructed and operated by our Government have reason to congratulate themselves upon the present outlook. The

prospects were never so bright as they are today; and for this outlook the country is indebted chiefly to Senator Morgan, the most conspicuous, ablest, and most ardent advocate of what is to be undoubtedly the greatest scheme ever undertaken by the Government.

**Stand Up and Be Counted.**  
Cleveland Plain Dealer—Filling the twenty-one vacant panels in the Hall of Fame has been postponed until 1902. Is there a living American who could count on one of these panels provided he died in time to be considered? Edison, perhaps. Who else?

## THE FATHER OF SUBMARINE NAVIGATION.

The father of submarine navigation may be said to be Cornelius Drebbel, philosopher and scientific inventor, who early in the seventeenth century constructed a submarine vessel that was successfully navigated under the Thames from Westminster to Greenwich. Therefore at the present juncture, when the idea of penetrating the depths of the sea by means of submarine craft has become sensational and interesting to the public, some particulars of the life of this remarkable man and of his wonderful submarine boat may be furnished.

Drebbel was born at Alkmaar, Holland, in 1572, and appears to have made a name for himself by reason of his inventive and scientific genius in the year of 1606 or thereabout he came to England and was given lodgings in Etham Palace by James I, who took a great interest in his experiments. After sojourning in this country for a period of six years, during which he claimed to have discovered perpetual motion, he proceeded to Prague to take up the post of tutor to the young Prince of Austria, an office which he filled so well that he was afterward chosen counselor to the Emperor Ferdinand II, and honored with a rich salary.

In 1620 Prague was captured by the King of Bohemia, and Drebbel, with several members of the imperial court, was imprisoned and sentenced to death. From this fate he was rescued by the personal representations of the King of England, and at his release promptly returned to this country.

It was shortly after his second arrival in London that Drebbel constructed his wonderful impermeable submarine boat, in which twelve rowers and some passengers could stay. This vessel appears to have embodied the principle common to all modern submersible craft—namely, of the water ballast compartments, with pumps for emptying them, to restore buoyancy. Respiration was obtained by means of a wonderful liquid invented by Drebbel himself, and called "quintessence of air." This liquid had the properties of purifying and regenerating vitiated air.

In this boat also "a person could see under the surface of the water, and without candle light, as much as he needed to read in the Bible or any other book," and it is supposed that the internal illumination was provided by means of phosphorescent substances. If the accounts of the matter are correct Drebbel submerged and navigated his boat from Westminster to Greenwich, a distance of four miles.

After this James I was anxious to test the apparatus for himself, but was eventually dissuaded by his courtiers, who believed the inventor was in league with Old Nick. Drebbel jealously guarded the secret of his invention, and died in 1634, without having been able to perfect it. The fate of the boat is a mystery.—London Graphic.

## QUESTION OF TAXATION IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

By J. H. GALLINGER, Senator From New Hampshire.

"I have confidence that Congress will, in its wisdom, improve existing conditions by legislation and secure for the Government and the District a reasonably fair and equitable distribution of the burdens of taxation."

The question of taxation is always a troublesome one, and every community naturally feels that the tax rate should be reduced rather than increased. In this respect Washington is not different from every other community, and there is no ground for just criticism that the people of Washington desire to keep the tax rate as low as possible. At the same time the people of this city should keep in mind the fact that such remarkable privileges as they enjoy cannot reasonably be conferred without an adequate return in the matter of local taxation.

I do not care to discuss the question of the partnership between the Government and the District, nor to enter into any argument as to whether or not the organic act has been violated by either party. I will, however, venture to say that many of the harsh criticisms that have been made upon Congress are, in my opinion, without justification, and that when a prominent lawyer of the city recently declared that the Government ought to pay seven-tenths of the taxes, he gave expression to an

opinion that is calculated to create prejudice against the District, and to result in harm to all interests concerned.

So far as my observation goes, Congress is disposed to deal justly and liberally with the District, and harsh criticisms of Congress will not help the matter, so far as the District is concerned.

In the State of New Hampshire the tax rate in the different towns and cities varies from \$1.50 to \$2.67, the average being about \$1.85. In the city of Concord, where I reside, the tax rate varies from \$2 to \$2.20, on a percentage of valuation quite as large as that of the District of Columbia. I understand that the tax rate here is \$1.50, which certainly is a very low rate for a city that has the advantages that Washington enjoys, including the distribution of vast sums of Government money, the privileges of the Government buildings, parks, and reservations, including the magnificent Congressional Library.

As to the matter of a tax on personal property, I think I am safe in saying that a very large proportion of the towns and cities of the country have a tax of that kind.

I realize the fact that in that respect Washington is somewhat differently situated from other communities, and yet I see no reason why a system of personal taxation may not be adopted that will do justice to all parties, and not result in harm to the District. My notion is that the law should be carefully framed so as not to be too inquisitorial, and granting all reasonable exemptions. The fact

that the District is running in debt is an overwhelming reason why some new sources of taxation should be discovered, and no good reason occurs to me why a degree of relief may not be obtained by a reasonable tax upon personal property. On that point I feel confident that common ground will be discovered, in which both Congress and the District will acquiesce.

I have never been able to discover why valuable real estate, lying outside of the compact part of the city, should be taxed as farm lands. For the most part such property is owned by men of wealth, who are holding it with the expectation that it will be subdivided and sold for building purposes. A fair value should be placed upon all such property, and taxes assessed accordingly. In connection therewith it seems to me that the same tax rate should be imposed upon it as upon city property, which is not now the case.

Of course, it is hopeless to expect equality of taxation. That subject has been agitated from the earliest days of civilization until the present time, and no one has been found wise enough to solve the problem. While that is so, the fact remains that a system of taxation approximately equal in its operations can be devised, and to which no reasonable taxpayer should object.

I have confidence that Congress will, in its wisdom, improve existing conditions by legislation, and secure for the Government and the District a reasonably fair and equitable distribution of the burdens of taxation.

## MILLIONS SPENT FOR CORONATIONS.

It may be of interest to point out at this time that the most expensive coronation on record was that of the present Czar of Russia. Upward of \$15,000,000 was spent by the Government alone, and fully another \$5,000,000 by the public authorities of various Russian towns. The representatives of other Powers vied with each other in lavish outlays, and counting the sums spent by other persons, the coronation of Nicholas II cannot have cost much less than \$25,000,000.

The coronation of Czar Nicholas I was also a very expensive affair. The then Duke of Devonshire was the British representative, and he spent fully \$150,000 of his own money in connection with it. The coronation of George IV was the most expensive in English annals, and this cost only \$12,500,000. Of this amount \$125,000 was expended on the coronation robe and \$25,000 on the crown.

The cost of the coronation of George III did not amount to half that of the coronation of George IV. The whole cost of the coronation of William IV amounted to only \$150,000, and that of Queen Victoria to \$350,000.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

I.  
The strenuous life! The strenuous life!  
What does it mean? What does it mean?  
It's the war of the few 'gainst many an odd,  
A fight for the right by a knight or a clod.  
The strenuous life! The strenuous life!

II.  
The strenuous life! The strenuous life!  
Courage, advance! Courage in front!  
Just the battle of brave for the better of men  
With muscle or mind, with sword or with pen.  
The strenuous life! The strenuous life!

III.  
The strenuous life! The strenuous life!  
Men with stout hearts! Men with stout hearts!  
A wooing of fate by the weaker men's side,  
Though blood is the wine and death be the bride,  
The strenuous life! The strenuous life!

## NATIONAL BUREAU OF IDENTIFICATION

## GERMAN WORKMEN.

Necessary for better police work in America.

Amount asked from Congress not exorbitant.

By CAPT. MICHAEL P. EVANS,

Superintendent of the Chicago Police Bureau of Identification.

As to the bill now before Congress, asking for an appropriation for \$25,000 for the purpose of helping to build up and enlarge the National Bureau of Identification, I am informed that some of the members of Congress believe that the measure was for the purpose of merely establishing a national bureau. While this is true in one sense, the facts are that the National Bureau of Identification is now established, and has been so for the past five years, and is supported and maintained by the several cities having membership therein.

I am informed that what the board of governors desire to do is to make this bureau national, not only in name, but in fact. To accomplish this, they desire that Congress appropriate \$25,000 to maintaining it in the cities now contributing will continue to pay assessments as formerly, and that it be placed under the supervision of the Department of Justice.

Many of the smaller cities are not using the anthropometric or Bertillon system of identification. If they could procure assistance in the way of having Bertillon instructors sent to them, the adoption of this system would help to build up the national bureau.

The amount asked for is small when compared with the great good it would accomplish. I respectfully make this suggestion: "Take one State in this great Union, say the State of Ohio; have the Postoffice Department furnish the number of postoffices burglarized during the past year, the amount of money, etc., stolen and the value of property destroyed. Then

obtain from the American Bankers' Association of the United States the number of banks burglarized in that State in the same year, and the value of property destroyed. (I think these figures can be obtained from the "Pinkertons" National Detective Agency, which is employed by the bankers' association.) Then figure up the losses in both cases and compare it with the \$25,000 asked for. I believe the request will be considered moderate.

The National Bureau of Identification is organized especially for the purpose of identifying professional criminals. Now, what does the identification of professional criminals mean? To the average citizen the question of identification of criminals may mean little or nothing, but to police departments and all officers of the law a great deal.

In a great many cases the identification of a prisoner means the breaking down of the prisoner; a confession, which furnishes valuable information by which officers are enabled to arrest other criminals; the breaking up of "fences," where stolen property is sold, and, best of all, the recovery of property that is stolen from our citizens.

With the character, reputation, and standing of the present board of governors of the National Bureau of Identification, and, in addition, the assistance of the chief of the Secret Service of the United States and the chief inspector of the Postoffice Department, the affairs of the National Bureau of Identification will be splendidly administered, and no one will question that every dollar appropriated will be wisely and honestly expended.

## Grandfather's Cider.

You can talk about the fluffy, puffy bread as white as snow,  
The apple tarts and golden marmalade.  
The pumpkin pies of monstrous size all shinin' in a row,  
An' various other things that "mother made;"  
But, as in vivid retrospection, I live once again the past,  
There is one thing from me naught can ever take—  
It's pleasant recollection (in its spell it binds me fast)  
Of the apple cider granddad used to make.

I remember—I remember long ago when life was sweet,  
An' we'd gather 'round the fireplace at night,  
As we'd pile the logs on higher keepin' 'in up a roarin' fire,  
An' we'd all crowd up close—my 'twas a sight!  
Then we'd roast a cup of chestnuts, while the old folks told us tales,  
An' we'd sound off with a monstrous "chunk o' cake,"  
Then we'd all look sort o' solemn like we orten't but we did  
Drink the apple cider granddad used to make.

—Atlanta Constitution.

## THE ANCIENTS OF THE SENATE.

There are nine members of the Senate who were born in the 29th of the last century, and all except one of them have seen long service in that great legislative body. Singular as it may seem, the oldest of the nine—Senator Pettus—is just serving his first term. All of the nine are men of national reputation and wield powerful influence, indeed, they get most everything they ask at the hands of the Senate. The immortal nine, as they have been called, were born within a few years of each other. Senator Pettus heads the list. He was born in 1821, and his colleague, Mr. Morgan, in 1824. Senators Hawley, Hoar, and Bate first saw the light of day in 1826; Senators Platt (of Connecticut) and Stewart were ushered into the world in 1827, and Senators Culton and Allison came two years later—1829. The youngest Senator is Joseph Weldon Bailey of Texas. He was born in 1863. The oldest member in the House of Representatives is Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania. He is in his seventy-ninth year, and the youngest member is John J. Feely of Illinois, having been born in 1875.

## ART AND THE ARTISTS.

The modern critic would seem to be a man out in the road, shading his eyes with his hand, and peering far down the ways for approaching figures. He seeks the "coming man" in art, the "coming man" in literature, and is ready with a prophecy or a doubt at every little cloud of dust stirred by the feet of chance pedestrians. Some day, no doubt, he will be greatly surprised to find that he has come, and by the byways rather than down the beaten road.

One may easily arrive at the conclusion that a great deal of the current art is ephemeral in its character. Much of it is perfunctory and much erratic and insincere. Men take up the profession of painting for various reasons rather than for the one valid one, an irrefragable desire to do the work, and so paint pictures as one makes shoes, having learned the trade and secured customers for his wares. But the inevitable painters, those who must paint at any cost, are not always satisfactory painters. The impulse is generally in a nature that cannot direct or control it and so we have the melancholy spectacle of an ineffective martyrdom.

One thing is certain, there are many who can paint and paint well, who know their trade, can handle their tools with confidence and facility, who can, indeed, give odds to their betters in the mechanical of their art. If one of these trained painters should happen to become possessed of an interesting and personal ideal we might suddenly be surprised by the advent of a master. There are some temporary painters, Americans, who have this personal quality, who have worthy ideals to which they are loyal at all times; but as a rule they are not the men who have mastered the mechanics of their art; they are, however, interesting and important factors in the development of this American art that the critics are worrying over.

## Old Masters and Modern Painters.

A marked difference in the work of the old masters and the current painters is this: The old masters were men of ideals moved by positive impulses, and at the same time were masters of their craft. The current painter is a master of his craft with restricted ideals, or a man of ideals, restricted in his means of expression. Here in America we have arrived at a point where the assured use of the tools is commonly insisted upon and the assumption of technical mastery which can never be real mastery without an adequate motive for the technique, gives a curiously perfunctory character to the mass of canvases in current exhibitions. Here and there at rare intervals we pause before a picture that commands our interest as well as our attention, and passing out of the galleries we carry with us hope based on that which is new, vital, and persuasive in the one canvas that arrested us as we scanned the exhibition walls.

But in the midst of all this mass of ineffectively clever work, we would do well to remember one or two things. It is essential that the painter should be a good craftsman. We are rapidly meeting this requirement. It is essential that the painter should have a worthy ideal. Now, the next thing to having an ideal of one's own is to believe in some man who has an ideal; for faith in something is essential to the salvation of a painter and faith in another man's faith is better than faith at all. The young American painter makes a god of Whistler, and after all, has been said for and against that gifted and erratic painter it must be admitted that he has ideals, and that there is an intensely personal quality in his work.

## Whistler's Technique.

A Whistler canvas in an exhibition makes apparent the common lack of this personal charm in current work. Whistler's work commends itself for its quality of technique, but enchains us by something that is quite beyond and above the intelligent manipulation of the pigments. It is the Whistler who observes rather than the Whistler who paints, who arrests us before his canvases.

It is not an art that appeals to the lover of incident; it is an exquisite appreciation of the charms inherent in things themselves. A fabric, a porcelain

## THE BUSY LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.

The audience granted "en masse" almost daily to visitors and the receptions to Cardinals, diplomats, household officers and to prelates, priests, and friars without number do not seem to fatigue in the least the old Pontiff.

At midnight on Christmas Eve Leo said mass, not sitting down as some badly informed reporters asserted, but standing like any priest of half his age, and the next morning he was again at the altar celebrating the second and third mass of the Nativity; on New Year Day he received and answered despatches of congratulations from sovereign princes and presidents, from absent Cardinals and Bishops, and from Catholic associations of every nationality, tying the secretaries who wrote under his dictation. On twelfth day he sat in state on his throne hearing the "pros" and "cons" for the canonization of the blessed Bartolomea Capitanio, the founder of the order of Sisters of Charity, and he summed up the case in an elegant Latin speech of an hour's duration.

But this is the more perceptible, though not by a long way the most trying work, during the last fortnight, of this wonderful nonagenarian. Every morning there is business to be transacted with the Cardinal Secretary of State, on the French congregations, on the Spanish concordat, on the threatened visit in Rome of the Emperor of Austria to the King of Italy, on the non-invitation to the coronation pageant of King Edward, on the Italian divorce bill, and last but not least, on the imminent issue of the bull which is to reorganize ecclesiastical affairs in the Philippines.

Other cardinals, heads of departments, or, to use the curia phraseology, prefects of congregations, are to be received, each cardinal with a mass of papers—petitions, appointments, drafts of briefs and bulls to be discussed, revised, or signed, and

## She Had Tried.

Mr. D. Septic—My dear, I wish you'd prepare something occasionally to tempt my appetite.  
His wife—The idea! Why, you haven't any appetite to tempt.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## A Hint From Pa.

Pa (from upper landing, to daughter entering her "steady" in the parlor)—Glady, what time is it?  
Glady—I don't know, pa; our clock isn't going.  
How about George?—Richmond Dispatch.